huge tree, the smiling field, the gently-flowing brook, the' lofty hill, the deep blue sea, the canopying azure sky, all spoke. The sun, the moon, the stars, the clouds that descend-ed in genial and refreshing showers, the beasts of the wilderness, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea—all spoke. Most marvellous eloquence on all sides. To borrow a Biblical expression, it seemed as if a pentecostal shower of inspiration came down upon iiature and quickened all creation into eloquence and life. Thus, the dumb creatures and the so-called lifeless objects—they too danced and participated with the Rishis in the hymn, the symphony, the celestial harmony of God's worship. Aye, the whole universe was wonderfully attuned into a united hosanna in praise of Him.

To the Rishis, their Living Brahman was not only the burning fire that brightened, quickened and animated all nature around but was also a sacred lamp in the niche of every heart and the sacramental name on the altar of every home, as explained by' Raja, Rishi Pravahana Jaivali in his allegorical doctrine of *"The Five Fires"* in *the CJ'iandogya Updnishad.* [c] The altar on which the sacramental name burns," is, according to the Rishi, [< the world

itself, its fuel
the sun itself, the smoke his rays, the light the day, the coals
the moon, the sparks the stars ". The fire burns from day
to day. *We* cannot put it out. It is an everlasting fire which
y fills all sapce and time. It is no supernatural fire but, in the
modern philosophical language, only the aureole of the
•Brahman's Ruling Will-Force, His irresistible Energy, His
all-pervading Beauty ranging from the smile of a snow-
drop to the sublimity of the midnight sky, from the grandeur
of genius to the glory of noble character. It is the Effulgence
of the Ruling King, the Light of the Divine Mother who
reigns always and everywhere.

It was in their deep meditation and
communion that
the Rishis realised and perceived the
sublime truth, the. *